THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 29 No. 5 MARCH, 1925 Whole No. 173

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

SCHOOLS

"THERE is great injustice done to the people of Hanover County, Virginia, in the matters of education. There are forty schools in the county for colored people and only ten schools have teachers; and the said schools are open only five months. In accordance with the requirements of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, the colored people raised their part and placed the money in the hands of a Mr. West, two years ago; and nothing has been done to build a schoolhouse.

"It is said that the new county superintendent is not friendly to the colored race.

"The white children have good schoolhouses, they are open nine and ten months in the year and are provided with trucks to convey the white children to school.

"Hanover County, Virginia, colored people are faithful tax payers."

GOREE

THERE lies a little island in the seas, yellow, old; with rocky shore and ancient frowning forts above. There are palms and old buildings with here and there a new white wall. Opposite is new Dakar; beyond, Rufisque; and far northward, St. Louis. But Goree is the oldest of all. Goree! Isle of the slave trade, center of teaming marts of stolen black men. There are narrow winding streets in Goree and the winding, changing shore. On the slave mart was built the ancient Spanish-like town, yellow and cream and red, with the palace of the governor and the great stone and moss covered fortification and all about the beautiful blue sea. And now, atop all this, is the new dream, a bit vague perhaps and hesitant, but it is now an island of schools with two or three hundred students, young black men in blue and buff khaki, like overalls, but with coats and cloth caps.

In the former palace of the governor-general is the printing office; electric, with two linotypes, great presses and apprentices and other type-setters. In the left wing is the black mayor; an old man, black, simple, with dignity but without assumption, probably with only elementary training but courteous and kindly; and a methodical black secretary.

In the great square beneath the forts, facing the sea and backing Dakar—in the curve of the inlet where the slave ships stood and sailed —are schools: An industrial school working in copper, tin, iron, steel and wood with singular French completeness and precision, with some mathematics, careful writing, planning of roads and ditches and walls and wagons and wheels and machines. There is a three years course of study after eight primary years; a hundred and twenty black boys here are training to be mechanics. Next is a normal school with a hundred good-looking young black men; then there is a hospital near in the quiet old town with

pre-medical students and nurses. Some day here may rise a great university of West Africa. It is a fine, a tickling dream.

We swim out of the harbour; to the left is the low brick fort with palm rising like a sentinel north. Athwart a big canoe arrives, packed with chickens, charcoal and eggs. We are out in the bay. Behold Dakar, imperial! The governor's palace rises in pale gold. Well dressed mulattoes board us dressed in white, people of old Goree.

To the right a grizzled sea wall and behind the great hulk of another and perhaps older fort with serried buildings almost battlements. In the center the crimson flowers of the old palace, three great palms, a pictured dream of old sweet beauty. Cape Verde is to the left, a long tongue of land with a few houses hugging the light house; then homes and palace, government and business, the spars of the harbor, the low coast of Rufisque.

We swing about a great bastion of living rock while the little island drops like a dream to little orange homes and palms—a strange historic jewel on the sea.

RADICALS AND THE NEGRO

MOST Americans having secured the right to vote, the principle of free public schools, the right to trial by jury and the right to travel without insult are proceeding to use these foundation rights for the purpose of accomplishing economic freedom, more effective education, the abolition of crime and like reforms. Among such liberal and radical thinkers any reference to the right to vote, the abolition of lynching or admission to the public schools sounds archaic. It brings to them no recognition of the fact that these demands should be part of a radical program because their own program for white people has swept so far beyond these initial demands that these demands are no longer "radical"—they are almost reactionary.

If, therefore, you speak to the ordinary liberal minded white man of helping to secure to the Negro the right to vote, he immediately begins to discourse upon the inefficacy of voting among whites and the disappointment of the democratic movement which began with the right to vote. If you ask him to help stop lynching he inquires if lynching really does take place. He is then inclined to think that it must be very sporadic and at any rate he adds that there are many worse things in the modern industrial organization than lynching. If you are interested in securing elementary rights to common school education for black children you are reminded of the wretched school system in the city of New York; and if you wish to abolish the daily insult of "Jim Crow" cars you are talking about something that your auditor has never seen and cannot conceive of. And yet conceive the language of such a man if his vote were taken away, his children excluded from school and his wife compelled to travel in a smoking car!

Thus in a country where a tenth of the population has most of its voters illegally deprived of any voice in their government, where each week for forty years at least one of their fellows accused of crime has been lynched without semblance of a trial, where no schools at all are provided for a majority of the group's children, where no attempt is made to deal out even ordinary and primitive justice in the courts or in jail to large numbers of the group, and where discrimination in every walk of life is for them the ordinary rule,—in such a country you can have a program of public minded radicals which does not in any way touch a single one of these

wrongs except possibly by indirect inference.

The point which such radicals forget is that the oppression of the Negro in the United States is not simply the misfortune of the Negro. Even if that were not true surely the right of twelve million black people would call for at least as much space as 250,000 Indians. But the case is worse than this. Political cheating in the United States is directly traceable to cheating Negro voters in the South. The impossibility of securing a clear popular verdict in the United States on any question is directly chargeable to the rotten borough system of the Southern states. Education with us has been twisted out of its proper channels very largely because of the necessity of using it as a vehicle of propaganda against "inferior" races. There is no sense in a peace program which takes no account of the world wide economic war upon colored peoples. The insult to Japanese, Jews and southern Europeans in the pending immigration bill is a logical deduction from the American past-time of Negro-baiting. It is absolutely certain that the future of liberal and radical thought in the United States is going to be made easy or impossible by the way in which American democracy treats American Negroes. Under these circumstances it seems to me impossible for any group of Radicals to write down any program which will in the slightest degree convince the world of its sincerity without touching the plight of American Negroes.

A simple statement that one of their objects is the "political, social and economic emancipation of the Negro" would meet the issue; or they could go into further detail.

The main needs of the colored people in their struggle for emancipation fall under these heads:

1. The education of the children and the discovery and encouragement of talent.
2. Employment without color discrimination on the part of employers or on the part of trade unions.
3. The right to vote and hold office
4. The abolition of civil discrimination in the administration of the law and in courts of justice and especially in matters of racial lynching and travel.
5. The rebuttal of persistent propaganda on the inferiority of certain races especially the Negro race.

It is not always easy to say just how these various needs and disabilities can be met, but most of them call for:

a—Investigation
b—Publicity and agitation
c—An appeal to the courts and the legislatures

It is astonishing that Radicals are not always eager and determined to put into their program planks covering these matters.

A CHRISTIAN BASIS

AT the institute which took place at Vassar College last June some convictions were registered which deserve attention. Among them are:

1. Faith that our Lord's Prayer will be fulfilled and God's Kingdom be realized on this earth as His truth, His insight. His love flowing increasingly through Christian folk, leading them to greater open-mindedness and deeper yearning for beauty and righteousness in human relations.

2. Belief in the essential oneness of humanity.

3. Belief that the Christian basis of justice, good will and co-operation must be adopted by all people in matters of race relations,—since the individual contribution and participation of each race is essential to the world's civilization and best development.

The group on education added these suggestions:

1. Those of us who are members of our colleges and other educational institutions can make possible increased opportunities for students and faculty alike to have contacts with other races and nations.

2. Developing in the formative years of child life habits and attitudes of investigation and interested curiosity in *differences*, leading to friendliness and understanding rather than uneasiness and dislike,—in a word, to unity in variety rather than to uniformity.

The group on journalism recommended:

1. Refusal to exaggerate race differences in stories of crime and violence.

2. The development by means of the schools of journalism of a sense of professional ethics for sane racial and international relations.

The members of civic organizations recommended to the International Council of Women of the Darker Races:

1. In order that the thought and life of the women of the darker races may be properly interpreted, we ask that they may be included more largely in all national and international councils directed to the advancement of international good will.

2. Make Pan-African Congress Proceedings available to all the organizations.

3. Larger participation of women of the darker races in all organizations in their international work.

4. A spirit of appreciation rather than of tolerance.

The Young Women's Christian Association group recommended:

1. That continuous attention be given throughout the Association to providing enlarging opportunities for the participation of racial, occupational and other groups, in planning and carrying out locally and nationally Association policies and programs.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THIS letter is to ask THE CRISIS to make known to the public that in this city with a population of 90,000 there is not a single colored attorney. This is unquestionably a great field for an attorney of the race.

Will you kindly help us to secure a man, as the white attorneys are luke warm in defending colored people in cases of discrimination, in spite of the fact that we have a good civil rights law in this state.

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For poems, prizes of $50, $30 and $10.

Free memberships in THE CRISIS Guild of Writers and Artists (CRIGWA) will be given all prize-winners and all other writers and artists who show distinct promise. Manuscripts and drawings must be in our hands on or before April 15, 1925.

For further details write to the editor.

UNDER THE STORM'S SHROUD

A Short Story

By E. McK. Sheen

I COULD not sleep. The rain had ceased and a strange heat had settled like a wet blanket over the *nipa* roofs of the town. I had just come down from Baguió, the city in the clouds, at the close of the dry season and had stopped on my way to Manila for a short visit with my friend, Antonio, on his farm at Malolos. He had greeted me cordially, and I looked forward to a pleasant week with him and his family. The rains had been slow and fitful in their advent, and this fact, coupled with the lessening of the torrid heat, had promised to increase the comfort of my temporary existence among the rice fields. It was for this reason that this sudden heat, descending during the evening, had caused me to frown, irritated, and the able Antonio, glancing thoughtfully at the clouds swirling in the sombre heavens, had slowly shaken his head and given ominous directions to his wife and daughters.

He was a short, stockily built Filipino, with at times the detached air of one who meditates on troubling matters. To be sure, with his large holdings he had sufficient to think about, but from his neighbors, and to a certain extent from himself, I had gathered vague hints of a more sinister matter which had apparently taken place during my sojourn in the colder climate of Baguió,—a matter of so terrible a nature as to cause me to glance sympathetically from time to time at his two daughters.

It had only been that afternoon that I had been chatting with Blas Manaluto, the carpenter.

"I understand you're building for Lanyard now," I had said, referring to an ex-soldier who had chosen to remain in the Islands since his discharge at the close of the Spanish-American War.

Manaluto had nodded vigorously.

"One of the best in town," he had said. "He got the money; I fix him up fine, yes." Then, with a merry twinkle: "And you, too, after while."

I had laughed with him. "I think not. Who's the unlucky girl you have in mind? It's all a mystery to me."

His laugh rang out as he slapped my shoulder.

"Señor Somera," referring to Antonio, "could do much worse, as you say." He paused, and the smile suddenly left his face. "He *has* done worse."

The sudden change of demeanor had struck me strangely, but as quickly as it had disappeared the smile was back again.

"But I must be going," he had said, adroitly forestalling, as I interpreted it, the startled question I was about to put, and with a nod he had left me to my thoughts.

A picture of the two señoritas arose before me. And although my occidental taste in wives remained unshattered, the inherent sympathy of my blood for all people of color arose within me as suspicion gripped a hold on me and I found myself traveling toward the already vaguely hinted truth. For other close friends of Antonio, as Manaluto, had hinted to me of a sombre mystery. And as they finished they would invariably glance strangely in the same direction,—toward a distant house which stood beneath the shade of a mighty tree. . . .

The storm came gradually but swiftly. I had left my matting-walled room and descended to the open in search of a breath of coolness. A fitful breeze had arisen but brought little comfort in its warm gusts. The night was dark, with a gray mass for the heavens, and I did not trust myself to walk far from the house. To my right stretched the black void of the rice fields; to my left the sparkling lights of neighboring dwellings, and before me, more distant but brighter and more numerous, the lights from the pretentious home of Don Miguel Fernandez, rich merchant of Malolos and a Spaniard of some note. And as I paused to watch I gathered that there was evidently a social affair of some sort in progress, the crowds of guests passing before and behind the lighted windows being readily distinguishable. The faint sound of motors reached my ears as the merrymakers, evidently fearing the oncoming rain, prepared to leave. Swaying shadows swung

eerily into and out of the path of light from one of the windows and I visioned the overhanging presence of the mighty tree. . . . At the sound of a footfall behind me I turned to greet the amiable Antonio. It was then that I noticed the wind had strengthened.

My friend nodded as I glanced around me and at the sky.

"Its the season for typhoons," he said in his exact English. I suddenly recalled that on the day before, the day of my arrival, I had put a question to him in Spanish, as had been my custom in my efforts to familiarize myself with the language, and he had answered, not in Spanish, as formerly, but in English. "But we are prepared," he went on, with the expressive shrug characteristic of the Orient.

He was smoking a cigar and seemed well satisfied with things in general, but as I indicated the lighted house of Don Miguel in the distance, I, who was watching him in an effort to satisfy a curiosity aroused by his friends, may have merely imagined that he stiffened slightly, but his following remark strengthened my conclusion.

"The Spaniard, in his pursuit of pleasure, is despicable." I could not see his face but there was a bitter sneer in his voice. I vaguely associated his hatred of the Spaniards with the language incident of the day before. And suddenly my talks with his neighbors ran through my mind, —talks which divulged no names and many hints, and which caused me to wonder concerning Antonio's third daughter who had died, he had said, of the dreaded cholera.

A door in the house slammed noisily, and as Antonio spoke I became aware that the wind had risen steadily. The blanket of heat had been lifted and the cooling wind whirred ominously across the rice fields. The smell of the oncoming rain was in the air and suddenly a heavy drop splashed startlingly on my cheek.

"We'd better go in," Antonio was saying, as he touched my arm. Then, with a light laugh: "We're in for a little excitement, as you say."

We managed to beat the rain to the house, where we met the worried señora. But Antonio was optimistic as we finished barricading the windows and doors. And as we retired later to our rooms he spoke volubly of the typhoons of former years and how he had forestalled them in their efforts at destruction. . . . I could hear him whistling lightly as I dozed off fitfully.

A crash of thunder awoke me. I arose, conscious that my throat was parched, and crept down to the water cooler. The boiled and filtered liquid was cool only, and quite a lot was required to bring comfort. I drank slowly, listening to the roar of the wind without. The latter was not so loud, however, that I did not hear the slight sound in the room, the kitchen, just beyond. It was a scraping, stealthy sound, the sound, I suddenly knew, of the bar being raised from the kitchen door. I tiptoed to the curtained opening of the doorway leading to the kitchen and peered cautiously in. Antonio—something told me it was he—crouched before the barricaded door, and as I looked he arose and carefully opened the door, pressing his shoulder against the force of the wind. In a flash he was out, and disregarding my scanty attire of pajamas and slippers, and yielding to a curiosity vaguely associated with the innuendoes of Antonio's friends, I forced the creaking door to behind me and dimly discerning the hurrying figure before me I followed.

The storm was at its height. A terrific wind howled miserably across the open and through the shattered foliage of a nearby banana grove. There was little rain, but the little there was, hurled before the violence of the typhoon, struck and burned my face like the stinging onslaught of a thousand pinpoints of fire. A bolt of lightning split the heavens, weirdly lighting up the devastated scene about me, and the ripping crash of an uprooted tree augmented the resounding roar of the thunder. Over to my left rose a black, flattened mass which had once been a comfortable dwelling, but now a mere shelter against the screaming elements. And ahead of me, even as I looked, a bamboo shack settled, slowly and solidly, the heavy, grass-laden roof crushing the broken matting walls beneath until it came to an uneven halt near the ground, its deep-domed structure still providing protection to the occupants below. The distressed cry of an infant within vied with the yelps of terror-stricken curs as the raging storm ripped and tore its way through the huddling town. Above, a gray mass of clouds; below, the smashing hand of destruction; and before me, battling, as I, the infuriated winds, the staggering fig-

ure of Antonio zigzagged its way on to the home of Don Miguel Fernandez.

He arrived. I noticed his white figure as he mounted the porch, but for the time that was all. A flying branch struck me full upon the head and with the aid of the wind hurled me several feet and to my knees. My brain whirling from the shock, and blinded by blood and rain, I knelt there, chilled and drenched. But the very chill of the rain served to revive me, and as I rose, tottering, to my feet I was obsessed with but one desire,—to reach the home of Don Miguel and save Antonio from what I knew he was about to do. The veiled hints of the neighbors, coupled with my short conversation with Antonio that night, now flashed through my tortured brain with but one conclusion. Antonio's third daughter had *not* died of the cholera.

How I managed to reach the house I do not know. As I staggered up the steps of the porch I made no attempt to formulate a plan of procedure—my only wish was to hasten, to stay the threatening hand of the crazed Antonio, to save him from himself, to learn more—there might be another way out. The porch sagged precariously under the force of the typhoon and the floor creaked horribly under my tread. But the house, built more in accordance with western ideas, seemed to be standing well under the strain, though I could feel it swaying beneath my feet. A heavy lattice window, with several of its panes smashed by the storm, showed me how Antonio had let himself in, and pulling it open I climbed into the house, unmindful now of any detection.

It was quite silent within and I crept to the farther side of the room and crouched, waiting for some noise to guide me. It came, the creaking of a bed somewhere ahead of me, and I felt my way forward, stopping as my hand, sliding along the wall, encountered a doorway. There was no doubt about it, my strained ears detected a stealthy sound within, the sound of a foot striking against a chair or table leg. I pushed the door slowly open and then hesitated, there on my knees, brought up against the first obstacle,—pitchblack darkness. That the elaborately built house —elaborate for that section of the world— was equipped with electricity I knew, but where the lights were in the bedroom I did not know, nor was it within the question to look for them. Time was passing, and Antonio, wherever he was and whatever doing, might act before——

The darkness of the room suddenly faded to twilight gloom, and I became aware that in opening the door I had exposed the bedroom to the lightning flashes through the lattice window, the bedroom shades being drawn. The scene was immediately shrouded again, but in that short space I had seen Antonio bending over the bed with a stick or iron bar in his hand. The sleeping figure stirred uneasily, again causing the creaking I had heard before. I took advantage of the roll of thunder to rise to my feet and enter the room. The odor of stale gin hung heavily in the air.

"Antonio!"

My hoarse voice sounded strange to my own ears as I whispered his name, my desire being to stay his hand, fearing he had only been waiting for the lightning flash to guide his blow. In the resulting blackness I visioned him, startled at my voice, stepping back from the bed, for again I heard the sharp blow of his foot against a chair. He did not speak, however, and I waited, taut, and he too, seemingly, for the next flash from without. It came, but with a wholly different revelation than I expected. Quite awake now and leaning intently toward the door, Don Miguel had risen from his pillow, and the drama had reached its climax. With a sharp oath he swung out of bed and in the returning pall of darkness I heard them grapple, the desperate father and the sneering—what?

I stood for a time at the foot of the bed, helpless in the blackness. There came, finally, another flash, and what I saw caused me to start and leap forward with a sharp cry. The younger man had hurled the fighting Filipino against a chiffonier, and as the room glowed he was about to follow up with both fists when the little fellow acted.

"Antonio! Antonio! My God!"

The iron bar struck the Spaniard full in the forehead, and in a flash the blood blotted out his features. And as darkness fell again I heard him stagger heavily against a chair.

"*Madre de Dios!*"

His cry ended in a strangle as with a last struggle he crashed to the floor. My throbbing head spun like a top and I clung to the bed for support.

Then suddenly the room lighted again and there came a splitting crash, followed by another above my very head, and for the second time that night a pall settled upon me and for a time I knew nothing. The cold rain revived me, as before, and it was not until I opened my eyes and caught sight of grayish clouds that I thought this strange. The smell of burning wood added to my vague puzzlement and I lay for a while motionless. Then, as I realized that the house had been struck by lightning, or some falling tree, I raised myself cautiously and felt about me. My hand encountered the rough bark of a huge tree nearby, and fearful for Antonio, I rose unsteadily to my feet, disregarding the numbing pain in my right leg. I searched feverishly about in the smashed mass of wood and metal, first finding the crushed body of Don Miguel sprawled beneath the tree trunk, and afterwards, lying partly under the chiffonier, the stocky Antonio, still alive. I exposed his face to the wind and rain and felt his body stir beneath my hands. He muttered something in Tagalog, as his hand went to his forehead.

"Hurt?" I mumbled. "See if you can stand up."

He made no move to rise, however, and I took him by his arm, realizing that he was not yet fully conscious.

"*Tindig!*" I ventured, drawing on my small store of Tagalog in an effort to pierce his fuddled brain. The effort was successful, and with my help he stood up as I had directed, swaying precariously until he brought up against a pile of wreckage. He stood with head bowed, still muttering. Grasping him by the shoulder I shook him with all the strength I could muster.

"*Halika na, tayo ñg umuwi sa ating bahay* (Come, let us go home)."

He shuddered, whether from the chill I do not know, then said in English, "All right", and started stumblingly toward the road, I at his side.

I awoke the next morning to find him at my bedside, his head bandaged copiously.

"How's the leg getting along?" he asked calmly. I assured him, after my first surprise at his unruffled demeanor, that the leg and myself were progressing tolerably well. My reply was succinct, more important matters being on my mind. I suddenly burst forth:

"What the devil was there between this fellow and your daughter?"

His face, what little I could see of it, tightened.

"He was her husband," he said briefly. "He was like a beast, in keeping with the rest of his tribe. On just such a night as this past one it was finished—with her. Her shrieks called me out into the storm—out there",—pointing into his yard—"where she was lying. Like the devil he was he had beaten her in a drunken passion and thrown her to the hellish storm. She died—the next morning—and I vowed that he would follow her, and in an equally violent fashion."

He paused and sat for a while staring into space. I made no move, my eyes on his face.

"There was the law, however, to think about", he finally went on, "and I realized what a task I had before me. I had been tempted to shoot him that very morning, but the sight of my wife and remaining children made me hesitate. To leave them alone and without support or protection would have been the deed of a madman, although I admit I was not far from that state of mind. And then, the next day, came the reports of those who had been killed in the typhoon, and as I read, the solution of my problem came to my mind. To crush his head—to make it seem as though the storm had caused it all . . . ."

It was probably the wrathful frame of mind I was in which prevented me from being profoundly awed by the details of this murder plot related to me in such a callous and imperturbed fashion, and as I listened to the cold voice of the man before me I thought of the crushed body of the dead Spaniard without compassion. As it was, when he finished I refrained from telling him of the possibility that it had been the falling tree and not he that had killed Don Miguel. And it developed, strangely enough, that this was the version of the affair he had given his much worried wife and daughters.

"I do not hesitate in saying," he added, "that I believe it was the hand of God which caused the tree to be struck by lightning. I have already told you I had planned to burn the house over his battered head. But as it is now, it appears more surely to have been the work of the storm."

He arose with a shrug from the bed where he had been sitting and crossed to the window.

"It is hard to restrain our precocious children these days", he said with a heavy sigh. "We cannot know everything they do—every place they go. If I had known in time—that she was meeting this—this fellow, it would not have gone as far as it did. For I know these Spanish profligates. They prey on just such irresponsible girls as she. I have seen many races of people in their lust for vice, but the Spaniard—the Spaniard, in his pursuit of pleasure, is despicable."

He paused abruptly. The subdued sound of girlish voices floated up from the yard below, and I, watching him, saw the harshness of his face vanish like the mist before a summer sun.

"THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE"

YOLANDE DU BOIS

WE have lost a friend: for the colored race has never had a more sincere friend than Lizzie A. Pingree, who is dead at her home, Denmark, Maine. Miss Pingree was one of the last of the old guard of New England men and women who went south to teach black children. She went, not for glory or praise as a martyr, but quietly as a teacher and a friend. I know no other person who embodied so well the art of being kind. In her heart there was no color line. She came to the hills of Georgia from her northern home and joined the ranks of the workers, white and black, seeing no difference. Hers were eyes that saw through the veil of our shadowland and she was willing to stand beside us and say, "Thy people shall be my people!"

My earliest remembrances are of Miss Pingree; in all my childish hurts and disappointments I could be sure of her help and sympathy. My baby feet turned naturally toward her room for I had not been taught that she was white and I was black. She was just a part of my small world, whom I loved as a matter of course. During her years as matron of South Hall at Atlanta University, the boys could not have loved and respected her more had she been their own mother; and I am sure wherever they are or may be there will always be a tender spot in their hearts for her.

In addition to her work at Atlanta University for more than a quarter of a century, Miss Pingree spent a number of years in the service of the American Missionary Association in Mobile, Alabama, in Florida, in the West among the Indians, and at Talladega College. In the fall of 1922 she was disabled by paralysis and returned to her home in Maine. She was born in the same school district as Gov. Hazen Pingree of Michigan, a relative of hers.

Now that she has gone we should grieve rather for ourselves than for her. It is our loss, not hers, for "so he giveth his beloved sleep". She is sleeping out and far tonight where the hills rise in gentle slopes from the rock-bound coast and the pines keep watch against a winter sky. I like to think of her lying with her gentle face turned south toward the people to whom she gave the best of her years in service. Verily we shall rise up and call her blessed —we who are black.

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

PENDING publication of its annual report for the year 1924, the N. A. A. C. P. publishes a summary giving a general idea of the kind and of the quality of the work accomplished during the year past. The summary treats of the following subjects: Segregation, Legal Defense, Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, 24th Infantry, Oteen Veterans Hospital, Discrimination, Annual Conference, Negro Vote, Publicity, Finance and Miscellaneous Activities.

Segregation

The issue which in 1924 has been consistently emerging in various parts of the United States as paramount for colored people is that of Segregation—Residential Segregation and School Segregation.

In 1917 the issue of Residential Segregation was met by the N. A. A. C. P. before the United States Supreme Court, when the unanimous decision gained by Moorfield Storey in the now famous Louisville Segregation Case declared that segregation by municipal or state law was unconstitutional anywhere in the United States. Since then, and especially during the past year, segregation has taken new forms. It has been attempted, by private agreement between white landlords incorporated in documents conveying title to property, to procure the segregation prohibited by the Supreme Court's decision. Most significant, the courts are to be used to enforce such agreements. That has given rise to a legal contest in which the N. A. A. C. P. is now engaged, under the able direction of Mr. James A. Cobb, and has now been appealed to the United States Supreme Court where it is probable the case will be heard in the spring, possibly in April.

Upon the outcome of this case depend similar cases in all parts of the country and it involves the status not only of colored people but of all minority groups of the country, whether racial or religious. Of counsel are Moorfield Storey of Boston; Louis Marshall, Arthur B. Spingarn, Herbert K. Stockton, of New York; William H. Lewis of Boston; and Henry E. Davis, of Washington.

Louisiana

Meanwhile the New Orleans Branch has been successful in defeating an attempt to enact state and municipal segregation laws, and their fight is being carried to the Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana, the whites having appealed from the decision of the lower court. The Branch based its case on the Louisville decision.

School Segregation

One far-reaching victory has been won during the year in Coffeyville, Kansas, through Messrs. Elisha Scott and R. M. Vandyne, attorneys for the local branch. This victory automatically threw open the doors of all junior high schools in Kansas to colored students, many successful attempts having been made previously to exclude them. The decision wiped out the distinction which had been made between high schools and junior high schools.

Other school segregation cases occurred in Indianapolis, Ind.; Dayton, O.; Las Cruces, New Mexico; Imperial, California; Terre Haute, Indiana; Arma, Kansas; Boynton, Okla.; and Muskogee, Okla.

The prevalence of this issue of segregation, together with the numerous and important legal cases arising out of it, promises that the N. A. A. C. P. will have to devote intensive effort to fighting it during 1925.

Legal Defense

During 1924 there came from all parts of the United States, and in some instances from without the country, appeals for legal aid. In the twelve months ending December 31, these cases reached a total of 476. To each of them, as is always the case, we applied two tests: first, did discrimination and injustice because of race or color exist in the case under consideration, and, second, would entry into the case by the N. A. A. C. P. serve to establish a precedent affecting the rights of colored people as a whole in that community or state or in the country at large. Where a Negro is guilty of a crime and where there is no discernible element of race prejudice which may

lead to conviction whether guilty or not, the N. A. A. C. P. does not participate in the defense.

In these 476 cases the N. A. A. C. P. gave as thorough service as was possible with the resources at command. We took action in a number of the more important ones. Other cases were referred to local branches for investigation and action. In still others where the Association's funds did not permit financial aid, the National Office with the co-operation of the Legal Committee gave legal advice.

The N. A. A. C. P. could spend, economically and in entirely worthy cases, $50,000 a year for legal defense. Below are given details in two typical cases. An admirable effort to raise funds for this purpose has been made by a group of women headed by Mrs. Myrtle F. Cook of Kansas City, Mo., aided by Mrs. Beatrice Childs of Kansas City, Kans., Mrs. Sadie E. Stockton of New York, Mrs. W. T. Francis of St. Paul, Mrs. Addie W. Hunton of Brooklyn, Mrs. Louise W. Davis of Cleveland and others.

In 1922 Elias Ridge, a thirteen-year-old colored boy, was accused of killing a white woman at Pensacola, Oklahoma. He was arrested and, under pressure, admitted his guilt. The boy was hastily tried and sentenced to death. Dr. A. Baxter Whitby, at that time President of the Oklahoma City Branch, became interested in the case, raised funds and secured a lawyer who gave his services to secure a commutation of sentence. The case was appealed on the ground that Ridge was only thirteen years old at the time the crime was committed and should have been tried in the Juvenile Court, according to the laws of Oklahoma, and second, that the State had made grievous errors in the original trial. The Criminal Court of Appeals remanded the case for a new trial and Ridge was again convicted and resentenced to death. However, on October 6, the case was again argued in the Court of Appeals and as a result the boy's death sentence was reduced to life imprisonment.

The lawyers in the case were Messrs. W. H. Twine and Carter W. Wesley. The Oklahoma branches co-operated in raising funds for the defense. The expenses were $1,000, of which the National Office contributed $125.

The Luther Collins Case

In January, 1922, Luther Collins was arrested in Houston, Texas, charged with criminal assault upon a white woman. He was hastily tried, convicted and sentenced to death.

The case was so flagrant a one, the facts proving Collins so clearly innocent, that the Houston Branch, aided by a few fair-minded white people, began an investigation. A reversal was secured and a new trial had, which resulted in a hung jury, eight men standing for acquittal and four for a lighter sentence than the death penalty.

On October 29, 1924, Collins was placed on trial again when his death sentence was reduced to ninety-nine years.

The Houston Branch is now carrying the case on appeal to the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals, the court of highest jurisdiction in the state. The new hearing will perhaps be heard early in 1925.

Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill

On the opening day of the 68th Congress, December 3, 1923, Congressman L. C. Dyer reintroduced the Anti-Lynching Bill as H. R. 1. The Bill was referred to the House Committee on the Judiciary. On January 10 the Judiciary Committee reported the bill favorably. On January 21 Mr. Dyer introduced a resolution asking for a rule to give the Bill immediate consideration. This resolution was referred to the House Committee on Rules, was delayed for several months by other pressing matters before the House, and though in the spring of 1924 it was felt that sufficient pressure could be brought to get the rule and possibly to jam the Bill through the House, this course was not pursued for the following reasons:

1. The plans made by the leaders contemplated the adjournment of Congress the early part of June.

2. We realized that there was absolutely no possibility of getting any action on the Bill in the Senate before the adjournment of Congress, even if it had been passed by the House, because of the disorganized condition of the Senate, due to investigations, etc. We felt that the passage of the Bill by the House and the adjournment of Congress before the Senate could act would have the effect of making the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill a factional political issue and a bait for colored votes, without any definite assurance of action by the Senate on the reassembling of Congress.

Congress adjourned for the summer without any action being taken on the Bill. On December 7, 1924, following the reconvening of Congress for the short session, the following letter was received from Congressman Theodore E. Burton, who was one of the staunchest supporters of the measure when it passed the House of Representatives as House Bill No. 13:

Dear Mr. Johnson:

I am a good deal troubled about the Anti-Lynching Bill. As is usual in the short session, there is a very strong pressure for prompt disposition of business with the idea of taking up but a few measures and giving preference to appropriation bills.

The Democrats, both in House and Senate, make the threat that, if the Anti-Lynching Bill is brought up, they will filibuster and prevent the adoption of any legislation. Nevertheless, I am willing to insist that something be done.

Are you coming here at an early date? Of course the prospects in the next Congress would presumably be better than in this.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) THEODORE E. BURTON.

The Secretary has been in communication in person and by letter with Congressman Burton, Congressman Dyer and other leaders of Congress to prepare the ground thoroughly for another effort to pass the measure.

Anti-Lynching Campaign in England

During the meeting of the American Bar Association in London in July, through the assistance of Mr. Percy E. Hurst, member of the Council of the Law Reform Association of London, the N. A. A. C. P. was enabled to bring to the attention of Americans in England its Anti-Lynching fight. The campaign was conducted by means of placards carried by sandwich men in the streets and in public places.

Mr. Hurst wrote that so marked was the effect of the posters that an "unseen hand" had the sandwich men relegated to side streets. As a consequence of the campaign the National Office received numerous communications from all parts of the British Empire asking for literature and details of the Association's Anti-Lynching campaign.

Lynching

The following comparative table shows the marked decrease in lynching during the past five years.

1920	65
1921	64
1922	60
1923	28
1924	16

On December 17, Mr. Walter F. White, the Assistant Secretary, went to Nashville, Tenn., to investigate the lynching of 15-year old Sammie Smith, and his report was published in the New York *World* of Sunday, Jan. 4, 1925.

Twenty-Fourth Infantry

The Houston Martyr campaign, carried on by the N.A.A.C.P. ever since the riot in 1917 and given a strong impulse at the Fourteenth Annual Conference in Kansas City, with the resultant petition to President Coolidge, signed with 125,000 names, bore fruit during the year. Twenty of the former members of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, who had been condemned to life or long term imprisonment, have been released during 1924. According to present indications each of the remaining thirty-five will be eligible for parole not later than 1928. (On January 8 two men were freed and a week later four others making a total of 26 released through the efforts of the N.A.A.C.P.)

Oteen Veterans Hospital

In April the Secretary visited Asheville, N. C., to fill a speaking engagement. While there it was brought to his attention by a delegation of colored patients from the Oteen Veterans Hospital that certain elements among the white patients there were seeking to have colored patients removed to the Veterans' Hospital at Tuskegee, and that Dr. Archie McAllister was exerting himself to have them removed.

The National Office took up the matter with Hon. Frank Hines, Director of the Veterans Bureau at Washington, asking that a thorough investigation be made. This the Bureau promised to do. The National Office also made an investigation the results of which in affidavit form were sent to the United States Bureau. The outcome of the report of the Association and of the investigation by the Veterans Bureau was reported as follows in the Asheville *Citizen* of October 2, in a special dispatch from Washington:

"A letter from Dr. James Miller, Medical Officer-in-Charge at Oteen, advised Dr. McAllister that the central office at Washington had directed a discontinuance of his

THE NEW SHORTER HALL, WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY, OHIO

services after giving careful consideration to a report of investigation of his case."

Discrimination

Cases of discrimination on account of color are continually being brought to the attention of the National Office. Two of the most flagrant of these during 1924 were the case of Miss Lydia Gardine, who was denied admission to the Central School of Hygiene and Physical Education of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York City, and the refusal on the part of the National Woman's Party to allow colored representatives to take part in the exercises at the grave of Inez Milholland. Both of these cases have been given wide publicity in the press.

Another case was that of the colored voters in and near Muskogee, Oklahoma, denied registry for the vote in the Presidential election. The N.A.A.C.P. upon receipt of this news telegraphed Attorney General Harlan F. Stone, who ordered an investigation through the local U. S. Attorney, Frank Lee. As a consequence some of the 5,000 Negroes were registered and six registrars in Muskogee and four in Wagoner County were arrested for conspiracy.

Annual Conference

The Fifteenth Annual Conference, held in Philadelphia June 25-July 1, proved to be one of the greatest and most influential meetings ever held by colored people in America. Upwards of 300 delegates representing 29 states, including the far West, the South, the Middle West and the East, were in attendance.

The proceedings of the Conference attracted much interest locally, especially the mass meeting at the Philadelphia Opera House on Sunday afternoon, attended by an audience of 5,000, which was devoted to "The Political Future of the Negro", with Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Congressman Theodore E. Burton and the Association's Secretary as speakers. Through the courtesy of Gimbel's and Wanamaker's these addresses were broadcast on the radio.

The Negro Vote

As the year 1924 was one of Presidential election, the N.A.A.C.P. necessarily devoted much thought and attention to the question of the use of the vote by colored people in the United States. Especially was this the case at the Philadelphia Conference. The Committee on Resolutions drafted and the Conference adopted three statements, one of them regarding relations of the Negro to organized labor, and the other two concerned with his general and political needs.

The Philadelphia Conference reiterated the need for colored voters to emancipate themselves from blind allegiance to any one political party and to make the best interests of the race, coupled with the best interests of the country, the deciding factors in voting, instead of appeals to mere sentiment and party labels. The Association's position was misinterpreted by interested politicians and attempts were made to undermine its influence. These attempts utterly failed and recognition of the wisdom of the Association's principle of intelligent political independence is steadily gaining ground.

Publicity

The Association's publicity has been unusually successful during the year. The Director of Publicity reports that five Philadelphia dailies gave an aggregate of 35 feet of news space, or an average of over seven feet each to the proceedings of the Annual Conference.

Releases for the past three years were as follows:

1922	276
1923	339
1924	440

1924 shows an average of well over one press release for every day in the year.

The response of both white and colored editors has been highly gratifying.

Books by the Staff

During the year members of the staff have written books as follows:

Mr. White—"The Fire in the Flint."

Miss Fauset—"There is Confusion."

Dr. Du Bois—"The Gift of Black Folk."

Mr. Pickens—"Bursting Bonds" (new edition).

Mr. Seligman — "The Negro Faces America" (new edition).

In this connection it is pleasant to note that stimulus has been given to literary and artistic creation, through THE CRISIS, by the announcement of the Amy E. Spingarn prizes in literature and art, details of which have been published in THE CRISIS and will be given in the published annual report.

Mme. C. J. Walker Scholarships

Another stimulus to work for the Association has come in the form of the Madam C. J. Walker scholarships and medal, the scholarships to be awarded by the branches mak-

ing the greatest advance in membership for the year, and the medal to go to the individual who has best served the N. A. A. C. P.

Spingarn Medal

The Spingarn Medal went in 1924 to Roland Hayes, singer, distinguished in all parts of the world for his artistry.

Finances

Aside from the Treasurer's Report, a number of items merit special mention as aiding materially in the financial support of the organization. One of these is the offer of Mr. Philip G. Peabody of Boston, an old and staunch friend of the Association, of $1,000 in addition to his gift of $500, if the Association could raise $9,000 in sixty days. The Association complied with the conditions and the check for $1,000 was sent by Mr. Peabody.

Furthermore, two groups of women, the Women's Auxiliary to the N.A.A.C.P. in New York City, which has raised money through entertainments, and the group of women headed by Mrs. Myrtle Foster Cook of Kansas City, which has contributed over $1,000 to the N.A.A.C.P. legal defense, have done notable work. In the February CRISIS we told of the magnificent work done by the branches during 1924 when 137 branches (three others have remitted balance of their amounts since the February issue) out of 372 met their apportionment in full, many of them far exceeding it.

The books are now being audited and the full auditors' report will be published in the April number of THE CRISIS, giving detailed account of all monies received and expended.

Branches

The following 137 branches met their apportionment in 1924, those starred once exceeding their quota and those double-starred exceeding it by at least 100%.

Bisbee, Ariz.
*Flagstaff, Ariz.
Phoenix, Ariz.
*Fort Smith, Ark.
**Little Rock, Ark.
*Pine Bluff, Ark.
Fresno, Calif.
Modesto, Calif.
Needles, Calif.
*San Diego, Calif.
San Francisco, Calif.
*San Jose, Calif.
*Santa Monica Bay, Calif.
*Stockton, Calif.
*Tehama County, Calif.
Canon City, Colo.
Colorado Springs, Colo.
*Denver, Colo.
*Pueblo, Colo.
Trinidad, Colo.
*Hartford, Conn.
*New Britain-Plainville, Conn.
*New Haven, Conn.
Wilmington, Del.
*Jacksonville, Fla.
Key West, Fla.
*Blountstown, Fla.
*Rome, Ga.
**Danville, Ill.
*Glencoe, Ill.
*Lake County, Ill.
Peoria, Ill.
*Fort Wayne, Ind.
*French Lick, Ind.
*Brazil, Ind.
*Gary, Ind.
*Indianapolis, Ind.
*Rushville, Ind.
**South Bend, Ind.
*Terre Haute, Ind.
*Des Moines, Ia.
*Waterloo, Ia.
*Arkansas City, Kans.
*Atchison, Kans.
Crawford County, Kansas
Garden City, Kans.
Lawrence, Kans.
Newton, Kans.
*Covington, Ky.
Maysville, Ky.
*New Orleans, La.
*Shreveport, La.
*Bangor, Me.
*Baltimore, Md.
Ridge, Md.
*Fall River, Mass.
Haverhill, Mass.
New Bedford, Mass.
**Worcester, Mass.
*Bay City, Mich.
Benton Harbor, Mich.
*Detroit, Mich.
*Flint, Mich.
Niles, Mich.
*Oakland County, Mich.
*Duluth, Minn.
*St. Paul, Minn.
Cape Girardeau, Mo.
*Jefferson City, Mo.
*Kansas City, Mo.
*St. Louis, Mo.
*Great Falls, Mont.
*Alliance, Neb.
*Beatrice, Neb.
*Omaha, Neb.
*Atlantic City, N. J.
*Montclair, N. J.
*Newark, N. J.
Albuquerque, N. Mex.
*Albany, N. Y.
Binghamton, N. Y.
*Brooklyn, N. Y.
*Buffalo, N. Y.
**Elmira, N. Y.
*Ithaca, N. Y.
Jamestown, N. Y.
*New Rochelle, N. Y.
*New York, N. Y.
Nyack, N. Y.
*Rochester, N. Y.
*Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Troy, N. Y.
*Durham, N. C.
*Akron, O.
*Cleveland, O.
**Dayton, O.
**Erie County, O.
*Lima, O.
Mansfield, O.
*Springfield, O.
Struthers, O.
*Toledo, O.
*Urbana, O.
Wellsville, O.
Zanesville, O.
Boss, Okla.
**Chickasha, Okla.
Logan County, Okla.
**Oklahoma City, Okla.
Okmulgee, Okla.
*Portland, Ore.
*Chester, Pa.
*Cheney, Pa.
*Connellsville, Pa.
*Darby, Pa.
*Erie, Pa.
Hollidaysburg, Pa.
*Franklin, Pa.
*Lancaster, Pa.
*Meadville, Pa.
*Media, Pa.
Norristown, Pa.
*Philadelphia, Pa.
*Reading, Pa.
*Providence, R. I.
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
*Yankton, S. Dak.
Yoakum, Tex.
Danville, Va.
*Martinsville, Va.
*Bluefield, W. Va.
Charleston, W. Va.
Clarksburg, W. Va.
*Gary, W. Va.
*Jenkinjones, W. Va.
*Mingo County, W. Va.
*Beloit, Wis.

Is there any valid reason, Good Reader, why you should not join the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and help support it? Is there any organization that is doing a like work or a work of such inestimable value?

THE LITTLE PAGE

By Effie Lee Newsome

CALENDAR CHAT

Here I am, March "the blus-erous", so called, or again, March "the boisterous", though I'm rather old to be a "boy"!

I'll tell you what I did—blew away the last moment of February with one mighty puff and sent all the little valentine hearts and paper laces and scraps of gleaming tinsel helter-skelter. I have no time for such trifles.

I am here on urgent business. I have to hasten on the growth of the buds, the building of the birds; and unlock the springs and runlets that ice has held in check and set them to singing soft alto. I must stretch the fringe of parrot-green cresses along the water edges. I have to see to trilliums down in the dark of the woods; to wake up the snowdrops. I have to set the shy chewinks to trotting around in the lonely underbrushes of the glens. I have to unfold the ferns; I must go to orchards and wake the blooms on the first tree to blossom, the plum, with flowers of white laces more beautiful than February had her valentines. I bring out the dogwood blossoms and the cherry little redbud flowers.

I clear the waysides of dry leaves that have lain there all winter under the snows. I puff them out of the way in a jiffy, for I smell the new leaves on the way. The sap is scenting the poplar.

February was an indoor month like January—both months for seed catalogs and life at the fireside. But I am all for the out-of-doors, and all the out-of-doors is mine! I have but to say "MARCH!" and out goes the old guard of winter and in come the trotting busy green sprites of spring, to let me keep them ever in motion for thirty-one days—and then, behold, the snow quilt is rolled back from the stretches of new green wheat! Look at the green along the roadside; and tell me if that is not the cardinal whistling in the pale orchard.

Oh, I have to be quick. I am one of the busiest months in the year. Come on, boys and girls, with your kites of orange and blue and crimson! Let them float in the skies. I have winds for such delights.

A home-made kite
That's built just right
'S a pleasant sight.

No butterflies
When in the skies
So please my eyes.

MARCH HARE

It makes me feel so sad
When people call me "mad",
Nor can I find out why,
For I am very shy.
I'd rather far take flight
Than ever just make fight.
But only let me run,
And folks will yell in fun,
"Why, there goes old March Hare,
He's mad yet, I declare!"

AN EARLY BIRD

I hear some cheery sturdy notes outside my window this raw March morning. I know those notes. They are robins'. It is raining this morning, too. The wind blows the raindrops in long steel-bright needles from the west. I am glad to be seated near a radiator and looking at Mother Robin through a pane of glass. By bending very near to the window I can gaze down upon her mate.

He is just under the tree, trotting about and chirping and talking to the mother bird to keep her in good cheer, for she needs some one to give her a note of joy on a morning like this. In her beak she has the foundation streamer of the nest, a scrap of white muslin such as grandmother might have worked into her rag mat. The March wind slaps saucily at the white strip, but Mother Robin places it somehow in the fork of the poplar tree. Nest building has begun.

Next, light twigs will be brought, and straws and bits of blanched root,—though it is the doves who seem particularly fond of rootlets for their shabby light nests, al-

ways too low in the trees.

The robins' nest started this damp morning is to be faithfully worked upon till completed. The builders will not miss a day. After the dry straws and sprigs have been woven together comes what seems the most interesting step in nest-making—the adding of the earthen bowl or cup, the earth for which has been brought up to the nest by the robin, fragment by fragment, crumb by crumb, in her beak. Imagine what a lot of patience it requires to get bits enough together for a nest!

Mother Robin shapes the nest with her own brownish breast, rounds her bosom against the earth till it is molded just right, a smooth bowl that fits into the basket of dry sprigs. The next step is to line it.

Such a soft covering of split stems and shreds of fine grasses, different from the coarse outer basket, is spread within for Mother Robin to leave her three pretty blue eggs upon. How patiently she will sit on the nest! Father Robin, quick, more beauful to look upon, flies up often to relieve her for a moment. He always stops on the brim of the basket and looks down at the eggs, and at the birds, when they are there at last.

What a joy it is to see the ugly little robins for the first time. Their great yellow mouths are always open. Mother Bird and Father Bird tilt their heads and gaze at the fledglings as if they were very beautiful youngsters. The family in my house and the family at the Robin house take a wonderful fancy to those little hearty babies, and when the world is no longer bare and green, but full of flowers and leaves, and the young birds flutter awkwardly to earth, how lonely the poplar tree seems!

BLUE BIRD

I'm sure I heard
A mild blue bird
Apologizing to the breeze
For coming in upon the trees
Before they'd donned
Their thin green frocks
Or even doffed
Their white snow socks!

THE SURGE OF LIFE

GEORGE REGINALD MARGETSON

THE surge of life in volumes onward rides,
Sweeping the margin of eternity;
And as a ripple on the brooding tides
My life, a-dream, shapes its sure destiny.
Like constant showers of torrential rain
The surging, racial currents force the stream,
Whose grappling groundswells shake the solid main
Within the gaze of star and sunlight gleam.
With prayers and moans their mingled accents rise
From shoal and reef, from harbor, bar and bay;
They rush the surfs to gain some glittering prize
Till in the misty void they melt away,
Like vapors rising from a boiling sea
Into the ocean of eternity.

THE ENIGMA OF THE SORBONNE

JESSIE FAUSET

GRAND COURT OF THE SORBONNE, PARIS

I

LOOKING backwards I am able to recall, I find, my earliest acquaintance with the French language. The hero of a story which I was devouring in the Sunday supplement of a great American newspaper employed as his pass-word,—*"je viens, tu viens, il vient"*. That was my introduction to this tongue of beautiful words and fine phrases made long before I had entered with more or less seriousness upon its formal study. But curiously I cannot remember when or how I heard of the Sorbonne nor how I absorbed the knowledge that it was the greatest seat of learning in France. Later I came to know and to use the terms *"Université de Paris"* and *"Collége de France"*, yet I should have been at a loss had I been asked to distinguish between these three institutions. This vagueness I find common to most Americans, so common indeed that I have given up seeking cursory information and have sought myself to penetrate the haze.

The *Université de Paris* and the Sorbonne are today practically synonymous, though the first is the inclusive term and the second save for its name vanished in 1790 totally. The institution known as the University of Paris came into existence in the twelfth century. Some hundred years later Robert de Sorbon, chaplain and confessor of St. Louis, founded in the university a school of theology which became so predominant that it gave its name not only first to the entire theological faculty but later to the institution as a whole; so that the University of Paris is now known everywhere as the Sorbonne. In 1529 the College of France was founded by Francis I and in 1852, during the Second Empire. the *Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes* sprang up. Besides these institutions established in Paris twenty-five universities arose in the "provinces" as the districts outside the great capital are commonly called. Of these Toulouse, founded in the first, and Montpellier founded in the latter part of the thirteenth century are the oldest.

To this point then the educational centres of France seem recognizable. In Paris, to recapitulate, were the University of Paris or the Sorbonne, the College of France and in comparatively recent years

the Practical School of Advanced Studies. In the remaining part of France is a long list of similar though less famous institutions. Why then should the vagueness exist? Why do not these names evoke in the mind of the educated American images as clear as those evoked by such institutions as Cambridge, Oxford, the Universities of Berlin, Halle and Jena? The answer is that at the time of the French Revolution the entire educational system of France went through drastic changes; all the universities as such were abolished. Later Napoleon worked out an elaborate order of centralization in education. The universities which had been created separate and independent bodies became the constituent parts of one great institution, the *Universite Nationale de France*, of this the *Universités de Paris, de Toulouse, de Montpellier* and elsewhere were sections known as *académies*. The new system was absolutely under government control, the Minister of Public Instruction at its head. So precisely, so automatically was it regulated that according to one writer "the minister could tell a visitor not only what subject was being taught throughout France at a particular time, but the verb itself which was being conjugated just then in all the schools".

One additional innovation must be recounted before the veil of mystery is entirely removed allowing a glimpse into the modern educational system. July, 1896, saw the passage of an act doing away with state control of the institutions for higher learning and restoring their independent existence. The *Université Nationale* was no more; the University of Paris or the Sorbonne resumed its past significance and in place of the former twenty-five universities fifteen others were established in the provinces. They were and still are governed by the University Council, a body consisting of the principal members of the various faculties. Divorce between them and the power of the church is absolute and their standing is legally like that of individuals. Thus they may now receive bequests and donations, an important privilege once straitly denied.

II

Robert de Sorbon, confessor of Louis IX, was justly famed for his sanctity, eloquence and learning, but not even he for all his endowment could have had the prescience to dream of the vast rôle which his little school for theologs was to play in the drama which is the history of France. He had begun with a modest establishment called fittingly *domus pauperrima magistrorum*, "the most poor house of the masters", in which were accommodated seven priests whose charge it was to teach Theology gratis. With the aid of the king, Sorbon was enabled to add a college of preparatory studies directed by a provisor under whom a prior having actual management was annually appointed. In 1252 Queen Blanche, on behalf of Louis IX then on a pilgrimage in Palestine, signed a deed authorizing a new establishment and in 1257 the king himself donated the site in the heart of the Latin Quarter. Two years later Pope Alexander IV declared it "useful to religion" and papal bulls permitting and confirming the institution were issued in 1263 and 1268. The Sorbonne was originally destined for poor students of Theology but it gradually became the centre for all the students of the University of Paris who resorted thither to hear the discourses of Guillaume de Saint Amour, Eudes de Douai, Laurent l' Anglais and Pierre d'Ailly, great theologs of the day. Hence the interchange of terms.

The century ended, the institution had been organized into a full faculty of Theology with the right to bestow bachelor's licentiate and the doctorate. Its diplomas gained only after examinations of unparalleled severity were highly prized; the *these Sorbonique* which was born toward the end of the fourteenth century became by reason of its length and the severity of its tests a veritable *ne plus ultra* in the academic world. Inch by inch the importance of the college in religious matters increased; the professors were approached for dogmatic decisions and judgments in canon law; not only the clergy of France but the whole Catholic world had recourse to them in crises; Rome deigned to seek them. The religious discussions of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries often centered at the Sorbonne and by an easy transition the college began to extend its influence to political questions.

During the insanity of Charles VI it brought about the absolution of Jean Sans Peur for the assassination of the duc d'Orleans; it demanded and supported the con-

demnation of Jeanne d'Arc; from it emanated the spirit of persecution directed during the Reformation against the Protestants; within its walls was justified the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

When the National University of France was organized under Napoleon in 1808 the Sorbonne (that is the university of Paris) became the seat of the *Académie de Paris*. From 1816 to 1821 the faculty of Theology, —no longer extant—, and the faculties of Science and of Literature were installed there; thither two years later was transferred the National University Library. In 1852 the institution became the property of the city of Paris and Napoleon III, already busied with those ideas which have made the city such a marvel of beauty, projected plans for the reconstruction of the ancient quarters. The great architect Ninot spent the years from 1884 to 1889 on their transformation. Of the original buildings only the church containing the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu remains. The new Sorbonne is built for the four sides of a block around a large court-yard; its front is on the rue des Ecoles opposite the Hotel de Cluny where Roman emperors were sometimes seen; this portion includes the vast amphitheatre seating three thousand five hundred persons and containing the statues of Sorbon, Richelieu, Rollin, Descartes, Pascal and Lavoisier. Robert de Sorbon's modest beginning has flowered into one of the most magnificent university buildings in the world.

III

In France a university consists of four faculties or, as we would say, four colleges. The Sorbonne in addition to the four required, Letters, Law, Science and Medicine, posseses also a faculty in Pharmacy. The School of Theology which brought such fame to the University was too completely wiped out,—*écrasée*—, by the French Revolution ever to be restored as a full college. The courses pursued in the five divisions differ very little from the curricula presented in the same faculties in the better American schools.

The Department of Letters is devoted to the pursuit of cultural studies with the greatest stress on French Literature, French Philosophy and French History. The life of France is so inextricably mingled with its history that it is not surprising to find this last subject so strongly emphasized. Proportionately French Literature and French Philosophy should be even more avidly pursued for these have passed their national bounds and have influenced the world. In some respects methods of presentation differ from ours. Languages are taught from a literary rather than from a linguistic approach; Geography instead of being treated incidentally after our fashion is a serious separate subject; Political Economy and Sociology figure in the cultural courses but they are considered more closely allied to subjects presented in the Law School.

On the other hand the Law School offers many more purely educational features than do our own technical institutions. Comparative Social Economy and the History of Economic Doctrines, subjects of general interest, are given, broadening the young candidate's vision without taking him out of his chosen faculty. The colonial expansion of France has made courses in International, Consular and Colonial Law almost necessities, certainly matters of supreme importance.

The breadth of the curriculum of the Law School is contradicted by the tendency of the faculty of Sciences. Here one may pursue in their widest possible phases all the purely scientific subjects from Astronomy to Zoölogy but for matters pertaining to Language, Letters or the various branches of Economics,—courses which would receive no little attention in such a school as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—, one must go to the Faculty of Letters. The program of the School of Medicine is closely allied to our medical requirements. The School of Pharmacy calls for a year's study in Analytical Chemistry, Mineral Chemistry, Galenic Pharmacy, Natural History of Medicaments, Physics and Zoölogy. The candidate must spend a year in residence and must present a thesis showing original research.

The University of Paris overshadows its sister universities in the "provinces" but only in the sense in which Paris overshadows her sister cities of France. The fifteen other institutions,—Toulouse, Montpellier, Bordeaux, Lille, Lyon, Nancy, Poitiers, Rennes, Dijon, Aix, Grenoble, Caen, Algiers, Clermont-Ferrand and Besançon—, have many natural advantages which compensate to a degree for the cosmopolitan tone of the Sorbonne. All of them with

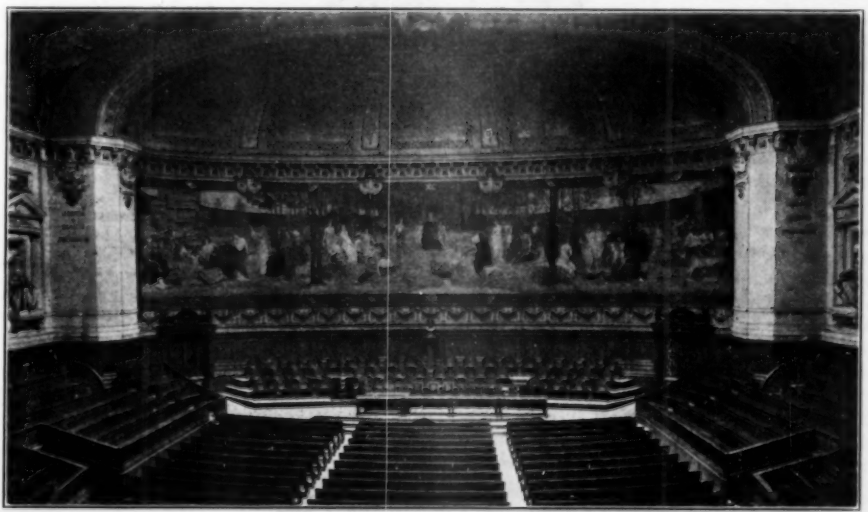
the exception of the last two mentioned have the required number of faculties and most of them possess some striking feature which may render them invaluable to the specialist. The University of Lille for example offers the only courses in the world in the Walloon and Picardy languages and literatures; Grenoble has unusual facilities for the pursuit of Geology and Botany; Caen in Normandy specializes in Norman Art; Clermont-Ferrand atones for its missing Faculty of Law by its natural situation in the heart of a volcanic region making a lively appeal to students of Geology, Mineralogy and Physical Geography. Besançon in compensating for the same lack boasts a course in Russian and one on the "History and Geography of Antiquity and the Middle Ages",—an amazing and intriguing substitute.

V

The specialty of the modern Sorbonne is its cosmopolitanism. It is impossible to speak of its "college life" because no "life" as such exists there. The shape and form, the definite aspect of university living, features so marked in our own advanced institutions, are to be remarked here only for their absence. Rather just as, speaking language-wise, the Sorbonne is a veritable Tower of Babel, just so with regard to customs, appearance, manner of conduct, it is the world in microcosm modified only to the slightest degree by the exigencies of climate. This I believe to be absolutely true: nowhere are students so free, so unfettered, so completely themselves as at this shrine which Robert de Sorbon dedicated to the study of God through mankind.

When the great clock set in the tower of the church of the Sorbonne intones the hour between classes, I, stationed in the portico opposite, indulge my great passion which is to observe and study the appearance, the gestures and such phrases as I can understand of these myriads of students. (There are literally myriads of them here.) Across the court-yard they file, loitering, rushing, gesticulating, exclaiming, living, being,—*being* simply what they are; unhampered by externals, impervious to criticism. No criticism exists. Two absolutely black girls swing through the rectangle, Haitian, I judge from their accent, pure African I am sure from their coloring. Their hair, stiff, black and fuzzy frames cloudily the soft darkness of their faces; their voices ring clear and staccato; their movements are unrestrained. Louis Pasteur and Victor Hugo, ruminating at the base of the church steps, regard them with a benign indifference and the same indifference of extreme tolerance informs the countenances, yellow, brown, white and ruddy, by which they are surrounded. But of this the black girls are unaware. In this atmosphere so completely are they themselves that tolerance is a quality which they recognize only when they are exercising it toward others.

Paris, 6 January, 1925.



THE AMPHITHEATRE OF THE SORBONNE

JOHN E. NAIL

JOHN E. NAIL, head of the real estate firm of Nail and Parker, is an outstanding figure in the Negro business world. Mr. Nail breaks the general tradition regarding successful men in New York City in that he is a native New Yorker. He entered the real estate business about twenty years ago, opening an office in the Borough of the Bronx when that section of the city was entering upon the stage of phenomenal development which has made it the home of three-quarters of a million people. Shortly afterwards he went as a salesman in the office of the late Philip A. Payton, who might properly be called the father of Negro Harlem, and at the time when Mr. Payton was beginning his fight for better houses for colored people to live in. Mr. Nail has, therefore, from its inception, been a prime factor in the movement which gave the colored population of New York one of the finest parts of the city, with well-paved and well-lighted streets and modern houses, for its home, and which resulted in making Harlem the most wonderful Negro community in the world.

In 1907 Mr. Nail formed a partnership with Henry C. Parker. The firm has not only enjoyed steady growth and success but has achieved a recognized standing among real estate concerns of New York. Mr. Nail is regarded by the down-town interests that control mortgages and sales as an authority on Harlem property and is often called on for appraisals and opinions. He has qualified as an expert in condemnation proceedings and has testified in a number of important cases, at times as an expert for the City and at times as an expert in behalf of the property owners.

The firm of Nail and Parker has carried through a number of real estate transactions which, with the amount of money involved, were noteworthy even in New York, where enormous real estate deals are common. Among these transactions were the following:

The sale of the down town property of St. Philip's Church, which involved a total of $1,070,000.

The sale for the Equitable Life Assurance Company of 38 private houses to colored purchasers at a total price of $375,000. These model houses, of which there are altogether 106, were designed by the celebrated architect, Stanford White. They are in the heart of Harlem, are now entirely owned by colored people, and constitute undoubtedly the finest group of Negro residences in the country.

The sale to the late Mme. C. J. Walker of the site for her residence at Irvington - on - Hudson, involving $200,000.

The sale for a holding company for the Wage Earners' Savings Bank of a corner in Harlem for $250,000..

The sale to the Copeland Realty Company, a colored corporation, of a large elevator apartment for $250,000.

The sale for the Roach Housecleaning Company, a colored corporation, of a seven-story elevator apartment for $200,000.

The rent collecting department of Nail and Parker handles annually more than a million dollars.

Mr. Nail's business activities have not been confined solely to New York City. He has made various trips South to confer with colored business men there regarding matters of large importance to the Negro business world. He was called to Durham,

N. C., about three years ago to confer with the interests that controlled the Bankers' Fire Insurance, a group of men affiliated with the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company. Mr. Nail was called to discuss the feasibility of the Bankers' Fire Insurance Company entering New York State to do business. The conference brought forth a suggestion from Mr. Nail of a merger between the Bankers' Fire Insurance and the Great Southern Fire Insurance Company, a concern controlled by a group of colored men located in Atlanta and Savannah, Ga., and represented by L. E. Williams, President of the Wage Earners' Bank of Savannah. After a year of negotiations between the two companies and the fire insurance officials of North Carolina and Georgia, the merger was accomplished under the title of Bankers' Insurance Company with a paid in capital of $250,000 and over $6,000,000 in actual assets. This new company is eligible to apply for the right to do business in any state in the United States.

Mr. Nail has been one of the foremost fighters, and a worthy successor of Phillip Payton, in opening decent residential areas for colored folk. In this work he has been frequently misrepresented but his record is clear and is a highly creditable one in the history of the making of Negro Harlem.

The white property owners first attempted to scare Negroes out of Harlem. Then they attempted to get a committee of colored and white people to agree upon a racial boundary line, in 1912. Mr. Nail was spokesman for the colored people and absolutely refused consent. Then white property owners attempted to raise a subscription fund to buy up white property which was vacant or about to be turned over to colored people. This proved too costly a proposition. They next tried a restrictive covenant written in the deeds and finally met with great success in influencing the great mortgage companies not to loan money on any property, no matter who owned it, which was turned over to colored tenants. This action Mr. Nail fought for years, unsuccessfully, and it was not until after the War that he finally was able to influence one great mortgage company to treat property occupied by colored people fairly.

Mr. Nail is one who insists that rents in Harlem, considering the situation and the accommodations, are not higher for colored people than for white. He admits that rents in colored Harlem are high but states that white people living under equally high physical conditions in other sections of the city pay even higher rents.

Mr. Nail is especially alarmed at the recent tendency, which he believes is fostered by white real estate agents, for colored tenants to sue colored owners for reduction of rents. It must be remembered that the only possibility of these colored owners holding the property they have taken over —and they have taken over more than sixty million dollars worth—is for them to receive rents adequate to meet the greatly increased carrying costs. These carrying costs to owners have increased one hundred to one hundred and fifty per cent in the past ten years. Mr. Nail is emphatic in the declaration that the only future security for the colored people to hold Harlem as a residential section lies in Negro ownership. If now these rents are reduced by court order, it will simply mean that white property owners will have no inducement to turn over their property to colored tenants; that the available colored area will thus be restricted; and that by competition the rents will consequently go much higher than they are now.

NEGRO DANCERS

LANGSTON HUGHES

"ME an' ma baby's
Got two mo' ways,
Two mo' ways to do de buck!
Da, da,
Da, da da!
Two mo' ways to do de buck!"

Soft light on the tables,
Music gay,
Brown-skin steppers
In a cabaret.

White folks, laugh!
White folks, pray!

"Me and ma baby's
Got two mo' ways,
Two mo' ways to do de buck!"

The Outer Pocket

Baltimore, Maryland.

I WAS down in North Carolina when I received a copy of THE CRISIS in which you were kind enough to pay the unusual tribute to my humble efforts in Africa. No one other than a friend could have said the things that you said for me. That article will put many hundreds of dollars in my pocket for our work. I thank you many, many times.

W. SAMPSON BROOKS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have noted in THE CRISIS for November an editorial on "Method" in which you state that some member of the African M. E. Church gave you information that overtures touching the transfer of three hundred and fifty thousand colored members of our church to the African M. E. Church had been made to that church. I have noticed also an editorial in the Northwestern Christian Advocate, answering your editorial. I enclose the same.

I am a member of the Joint Commission on Unification which has been considering the unification question for the past eight years. I write to assure you that there has been nothing said or done in that Commission, nor in any legislative body having the right or authority to act, making any overtures concerning the transfer of our people to any body. They are included in the unification plan as a part of the United Church with representation in the General Conference of the United Church proportionately with all other members of the United Church. As stated in the Northwestern editorial no one can transfer the Negroes of the M. E. Church to any other Church. The only way to get rid of the Negro membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church is in one of the following ways:

1.—That they all die.

2.—That they all do something for which they can be tried under the Discipline of the Church and expelled.

3.—That the entire Negro membership agree to withdraw.

The fact is that in the case of the third suggestion if one hundred thousand should withdraw following the unification, the two hundred and fifty thousand that remain have the right to do so and would be members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in full standing.

I. GARLAND PENN.

Louisville, Alabama.

I am a little Southern Negro girl. I am thirteen years of age. I want to write you the story of Southern life. My mother was reared in the South. And also my grandmother too. I have often heard my grandmother tell of her mother's home in South Carolina, where she was stolen and brought here as a slave; how my grandmother was sold from her mother. Her and her twin brother was taken away from each other when they was nine years of age. It was twenty years before they ever met again. When they met again, she said they went down on bended knees and prayed together to never be separated again in life; that their children might grow up to be a successful race. My grandmother is dead and also my great uncle. My grandmother has seventy-five grandchildren and great grandchildren. My uncle's family is here in the South. When my mother first started to school she had to go to a white teacher. When she begin to learn so fast the teacher begin to find fault of her. And so her brother that was raised in the house with the white people he had a very good learning. He would teach my mother. Some time the white people would not want them to have no books but through the help of God there was a way provided for them and so I believe it was the Lord who has brought us safe this far. So I will close this. Will write more next time of Southern life. My name is Lue Ella Pennington.

St. Thomas, V. I., U. S. A.

Beautiful! Beautiful!! Your interpretation, setting and application of "The Temptation in the Wilderness" give to that recorded experience in the life of Jesus the Christ a touch of present-day—yea, everyday—reality that is sublime. Your interlinement of that experience is in keeping with true Theology and is perfect as a religious expression.

REV. S. E. CHURCHSTONE LORD.

The Horizon

PORTRAIT OF PIERRE S. DuPONT

¶ The colored citizens of the state of Delaware recently commissioned Edwin Augustus Harleston, the Negro artist, to paint an oil portrait of Pierre S. DuPont. The portrait has been presented to Mr. DuPont as a token of appreciation of his benefactions in providing modern school buildings for Negro children throughout the state, as mentioned in the January, 1923, issue of THE CRISIS. The day on which the presentation was made was declared a holiday for the whole Negro school system of the state. The portrait was hung in the state house.

¶ Dr. J. H. Montgomery, a prominent physician is dead in Washington, D. C. He was one of Howard University's earliest graduates and a highly respected citizen.

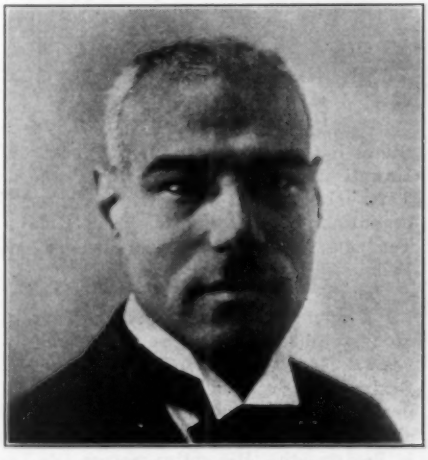
¶ Memorial exercises in honor of the late Colonel Charles Young, U. S. A., have been held at the Dunbar High School, Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the James Reese Europe Post No. 5, American Legion, and the James Reese Europe Auxiliary.

¶ Dave Robertson, one of the wealthiest Negroes of the state of Texas, is dead at the age of 64. His estate included 2,000 acres of land and 200 head of cattle.

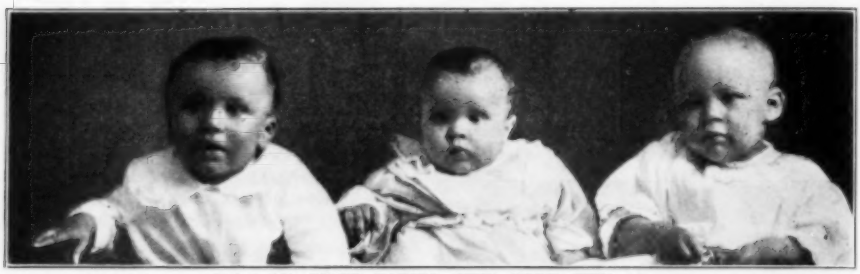
¶ The $1,000 scholarship offered by the Alpha Beta chapter of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority has been awarded to Gwendolyn Bennett. Miss Bennett is a graduate of Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York, and is a teacher in the art department of Howard University. Her drawings and poems have appeared in several issues of THE CRISIS.

¶ A report from Hollywood informs us that there is an increasing demand for colored film actors to take Negro parts in film productions in place of "black face" impersonators heretofore so generally used.

¶ In the football game between Syracuse University and the University of Southern California, Taylor, the Negro guard, saved the day for the University of Southern California by a brilliant tackle. Tom Sharpe, noted football expert, says "Taylor is a defensive player of sterling quality". Mr. Taylor is also a track star of promising ability.



EDWIN A. HARLESTON



N.A.A.C.P. PRIZE BABIES, NEW YORK CITY

¶ Charles H. Cottrell, the well-known politician is dead at his home, Toledo, Ohio, at the age of 61. He had served as United States Revenue Collector for the district of Hawaii having been appointed by President Taft. Mr. Cottrell was active in fraternal organizations including the Ohio Knights Templars, Knights of Pythias, Elks and Odd Fellows.

THE LATE C. H. COTTRELL

¶ John Jackson Dill, the father of Augustus Granville Dill, the Business Manager of THE CRISIS, is dead at the age of 77 years. He was born a slave in Virginia. Desiring to settle in a free state, he migrated to Ohio a few years after the Emancipation Proclamation, taking up residence in Portsmouth. His entire mature life has been closely connected with the life of the Negro group of that city and community.

¶ The first pastor of the Mount Olivet Church, New York City, was the Rev. Daniel W. Wisher who served as pastor 21½ years. He died January 24, 1925, at the age of 71.

¶ The Municipal Civil Service Commission of Columbus, Ohio, has promoted Miss Blanche M. Van Hook, in the Division of Markets, Department of Public Service, from a Grade C Clerk to a Grade B Clerk stenographer, at the maximum salary, which is next highest to that of the Superintendent of Markets. She has been in this department for the past five years. Each time that her books have been examined by the State Examiners they have reported the records as being free and clear from all errors; and they have repeatedly stated that they found no better bookkeeping in any department of the city.

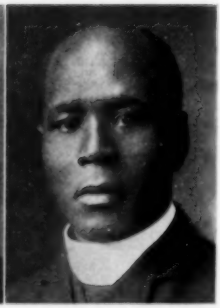
REV. MR. AND MRS. WISHER

LENOX AVENUE AND 135TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY. A COLORED TRAFFIC POLICEMAN AND COLORED SCHOOL CHILDREN

MR. ASHBY
(P. 229)

MISS SIMS

MR. GRINAGE



REV. MR. FORDE

¶ Miss Hazel White, the only colored girl attending the High School at Washington, New Jersey, was recently elected captain of the Girls' Basketball Team. She has played the center position three consecutive years and has added greatly to the good record of the school's team.

¶ Miss Dorothy L. Sims, a former student of the music department of Fisk University, is successfully conducting a music studio in Wichita, Kansas. Property has been purchased and funds are being raised for the purpose of erecting a building for a musical conservatory.

¶ Mr. William Grinage of Frederick, Maryland, was commissioned by the local Kiwanis Club to paint an oil portrait of Francis Scott Key to be hung in the new million dollar Francis Scott Key Hotel. Mr. Grinage was born in Baltimore in 1860. He has won many prizes for his paintings and for his art photographs.

¶ The Rev. William Forde is head of the Baptist Mission at Port Limon, Costa Rica, Central America. He was educated at the Pastors' College, London, England, and is a member of the Pastors' College Conference. He is now in England in the interest of his work. The mission is laboring under a heavy debt which was incurred to save the mission property. It is the oldest of the Protestant missions in Costa Rica.

¶ Trinity Temple M. E. Church has recently been dedicated in Philadelphia. The temple occupies a valuable site at Broad Street near Catherine and is valued at nearly half a million dollars. Rev. Charles Albert Tindley, one of the best known and most highly respected ministers of the race, is pastor of Trinity Temple.

PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS S. KEY

¶ The celebration of emancipation at Georgetown, South Carolina, is an unusual event. Both white and colored people crowd to witness the celebration. The parade is led by the City band headed by fraternal and city organizations and was last year a moving pageant of industrial progress with automobiles and floats. Two of the floats represented the business places of W. H. Brown and W. C. Atkinson, who operate two of the best meat markets in the state. J. N. Robinson also had a float. He has the oldest and best bakery in the city.

¶ Appropriations from the John F. Slater Fund for 1924-25 have been made as follows:

County Training Schools	$31,730	
Special Work	2,000	
City Schools	2,500	
Hampton and Tuskegee	6,000	
Private Secondary Schools	9,400	
Colleges	16,800	$68,430

To the Slater appropriations for county training schools is added $2,000 from the Peabody Fund, $10,270 from the Carnegie Fund and $13,000 from the General Education Board making $75,000 in all. These county training schools have increased as follows since 1912:

Year	No. of Schools	No. of Teachers	Pupils in High School Grades	For Salaries from Public Tax Funds	For Salaries through Slater Board	Average Amt. for Salaries from Public Funds	Amt. Contributed by General Education Board for Building and Equipment
1912	4	20	77	$ 3,344	$ 2,000	$ 836	
1913	4	23	74	4,612	2,000	1,153	
1914	8	41	184	10,696	4,000	1,337	
1915	17	85	267	17,986	8,091	1,058	
1916	27	135	404	37,395	13,500	1,385	$ 5,488
1917	42	252	630	55,020	18,660	1,310	8,618
1918	52	308	948	78,533	25,840	1,510	11,656
1919	70	402	1,130	131,158	39,037	1,874	18,477
1920	107	624	1,649	239,252	52,894	2,236	36,733
1921	142	848	2,247	340,821	61,500	2,400	75,271
1922	156	964	3,782	401,949	59,750	2,577	60,689
1923	179	1102	4,723	513,193*	63,300	2,867	56,000†

¶ At the meeting of the National Education Association in Washington the local colored association, known as the Columbian Education Association, had delegates to the representative assembly and was instrumental in having the Frederick Douglass memorial home placed on the patriotic pilgrimages as one of the eleven most noted historic shrines. Mt. Vernon and the Lincoln Memorial were among the other shrines.

¶ Oscar H. Fuller, Dean of Bishop College in Marshall, Texas, and William H. Saunders, a teacher at Storer College, Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, met again for the first time since their commencement at the 25th anniversary of their graduation from Bates College, Lewiston, Maine. They have been actively engaged in educational work in the South during the whole of this period.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stone, of Selma, Alabama, are dead. Mr. Stone helped to establish African Methodism in Selma and for thirty years was superintendent of the Sunday School of Brown Chapel. He was a blacksmith and real estate dealer, born in slavery and dying at the age of eighty in September, 1924. He left a comfortable estate. Mrs. Stone who died in December, 1924, at the age of seventy, was not only a church worker but the mother of eight children who survive her. Two of these are wives, three mechanics, one a farmer, one a dentist and one a physician.

MESSRS. FULLER AND SAUNDERS

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* Total amount session 1922-23 for all purposes from Public Tax Funds $687,588.

† The General Education Board is also contributing to salaries in diminishing amounts for a period of five years, beginning with session 1920-21. The amount for 1922-23 was $46,641.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

CAN we quote too often that peom of "Ironquill", the pen-name of Eugene F. Ware, on John Brown?

And there is one
Whose faith, whose fight, whose failing,
Fame shall placard upon the walls of time.
He dared begin—
Despite the unavailing,
He dared begin, when failure was a crime.

When over Africa
Some future cycle
Shall sweep the lake-gemmed uplands with its surge;
When, as with trumpet
Of Archangel Michael,
Culture shall bid a colored race emerge;

When busy cities
There, in constellations,
Shall gleam with spires and palaces and domes,
With marts wherein
Is heard the noise of nations;
With summer groves surrounding stately homes—

There, future orators
To cultured freemen
Shall tell of valor, and recount with praise
Stories of Kansas,
And of Lacedæmon—
Cradles of freedom, then of ancient days.
From boulevards
O'erlooking both Nyanzas,
The statured bronze shall glitter in the sun,
With rugged lettering:

"John Brown of Kansas:
He dared begin;
He lost,
But, losing, won."

Even colored folk of narrow experiences are a little puzzled at Jessie Fauset's character, Joanna Marshall, in her novel. Some, like the young editors of the Virginia Seminary *Lit*, never heard of her and will have none of her. The London *Times* literary supplement is wiser and viewing the novel from the standpoint of the literary world, says:

This able and unusual study is concerned with the injustice of the Americans to their Negro population, the theme being worked out through the life stories of two Negro families, the Marshalls, who came up from Virginia, and the Byes, of Philadelphia. We hear of the success of the former, the erratic brilliance of the surviving Bye, which is in the end explained by Peter, the last of the Byes, having in him some of the white blood of the Quaker Byes, who had once owned his forefathers. The secret is well kept, but there are several pregnant allusions which show us how such a leaven worked. Part of the charm—at all events for the English reader—must lie in these apt allusions to circumstances of Negro life, well vouched for by a qualified student, yet unknown to the average reader. Thus we hear of the Negro intense seriousness about the future of his children, his careful training of his girls against the society of white men, and other points which well merit attention.

It is, however—interesting and suggestive though the story be—for its characterization that this novel merits attention. Joanna Marshall is good, dainty, ambitious, alert to her color rights, and undaunted by the rebuffs which she meets in demanding her artistic birthright. But the finest of the characters is Peter Bye, with his flaming ambition, yet intermittent and fugitive, who does not come to his true self till the death of his white cousin, Dr. Meriwether Bye, in No Man's Land before the Metz sector. This is a really good study, and there are others of value and interest.

THAT "NORDIC" NONSENSE

The *Independent* in laughing at "Nordics wha hae" says:

Every little while someone arises to say that the United States is eighty-five or eighty-seven or eighty-nine per cent Nordic, and by jingo, it must remain so. It is impossible to check these statements, because the Census Bureau maintains no records based upon what, for want of a lovelier term, may be called Nordicity. This is not strange, considering that census records run back to 1790 and the proud Nordics remained socially unrecognized for the next century. Our statistics are based upon language and origins. We know, roughly, the percentage of German blood in America, for instance, but how many of our German immigrants were Nordic we can only guess. However, since Germany has strong Slav admixtures in the east and runs into broad-headed Bavarians in the south, we can be sure that not all the American descendants of German immigrants are Nordic. And since England herself is the home of a mixed race, in which there is a strong Mediterranean element, how can we be sure

that all Americans of Anglo-Saxon descent are Nordic? All estimates of the comparative Nordicity of the United States are so open to doubt that it hardly seems worth while to use them as a basis of factional strife and legislation.

The validity of this overrated word is further undermined by latter-day conclusions that the Nordic, even at his purest, is the resultant of a proto-Negroid type bleached in the north through unnumbered centuries. The north-of-western-Europe folk share with Negro height and non-straight hair, and Masai and Norse probably have more in common, racially, than have Saxon-English peasant and his cockney fellow citizen of London. Which goes to prove nothing except that other things count for far more today than do these unsubstantial race values, infinitely ancient in origin and deliciously modern in nomenclature.

And here comes the Des Moines, Iowa, *Evening Tribune News*, with another blow:

Some days ago the *Tribune-News* carried this item of news:

"In the past week Allen Ashby, athletic editor of the Quill, and a senior, has had a streak of especially good luck. He is the author of the editorial which took first place at the Iowa High School Press Association held at Grinnell Dec. 5 and 6. Also, last week, while Ashby was at Oskaloosa attending two football banquets, he was given the job of writing the sports column for the Oskaloosa paper. Allen is going to attend Penn College at Oskaloosa next fall. However, he is going to that town in April to take charge of his new position."

In another column on this page we publish the editorial that won the prize at the Grinnell High School Press Association meeting.

What is best worth noting in connection with the whole matter is that Ashby is a colored boy who has made his own way. As we come to the new year is it not worth while to cultivate a little more humane attitude towards our fellowmen of all racial strains?

We cannot get it too thoroughly in our thinking that all men are of one blood, according to the latest anthropologies.

All men of all races have a right to a fair chance in our American life, and we are not going to make a success of our American experiment if they are not accorded a fair chance.

* * *

And here is Allen Ashby's editorial:

I once heard a coal dealer talking to one of his employes. From what I could gather, the employe had met with serious reverses and had gone deeply in debt to his employer, and they were discussing the quickest method of paying this debt. "One or two loads of coal a day", said the dealer, "will pay all your expenses, but each load you get over those two is the one which will put you on your feet, so to speak. In other words, it is that extra load or two which will in the end get you square with the world."

I thought this advice over, and decided that we could use it right here in school. Each of us owes society a debt for making it possible for us to be here. The payment of that debt consists of giving all we have to the world, in whatever line we may work. Now there is just so much work required to pass from grade to grade and eventually graduate. If the pupil performs this minimum amount of required work, he will get, at the end of four years, a diploma saying that he has completed his work in high school. But can he repay society in full? Well, maybe he can, but I'd hate to stake my life on his ability to do so. I'm too young to die that way.

Here is where the lesson of the coal man comes in: Every bit of work we do over the minimum required amount is the bit that will make us better able to repay society when we get out in the world. The smallest amount of required work will get us out of school and "pay our expenses", but each bit over that means just that much more in proportion.

Which are you doing? Are you making that "extra load" or are you satisfied with merely "paying expenses"? I afterwards learned that the coal hauler cleared himself in six months. How long will it take you to get out of debt?

* * *

A Catholic paper, *Our Colored Missions*, says of Maud Cuney Hare's N. A. A. C. P. exhibit at Philadelphia:

There is a strange tale of the Beethoven "Kreutzer Sonata", which contemporary accounts say was written by a Negro, George Polgreen, and first played by Beethoven with Polgreen as accompanist. Polgreen was a musician of renown and considerable temperament, so that a subsequent quarrel with Beethoven broke their friendship. It was after this that Beethoven gave the sonata its present name.

Few persons know that the last two stanzas of the British national anthem, "God Save the King", were written by a Negro, Eggert Martin, who came from the West Indies. Samuel C. Perkins, a white soldier in the federal forces during the Civil War, is generally given credit for the music of "John Brown's Body", but he himself said his inspiration came from an old Negro melody which had no other words than "Glory, glory".

Thinking it might make a good marching

tune he set down as much of it as he could and later Julia Ward Howe wrote the words for the present "Battle Hymn of the Republic", which is the modern version. During the days of slavery there were many Negroes, particularly in and about New Orleans, whose compositions and talent brought world-wide recognition.

Among them were Basile Bares, Lucian and Sidney Lafbert and Edmond Dede, all of whom received much of their training at the famous Opera House in New Orleans.

THE CONTEMPORARY NEGRO PRESS

The $750,000 Park Bond Issue was defeated by a decisive vote. As far as we can learn the only organized opposition to it came from the N. A. A. C. P., a Negro organization. We are in no position to say how many colored voters voted against it. We know thousands were against it in sentiment, whether they took the trouble to vote "No" or not. We also know, personally, scores who did vote "No". We also know there was greater rejoicing in certain Negro quarters over the defeat of the Park Bond Issue than over the election of Coolidge and Sackett. Now, what does it all mean?

It means Negro voters are bitter and resentful over the treatment and the persecution of two colored young women school teachers by the present Board of Park Commissioners. It means Negro voters of intelligence and thoughtfulness are indignant and outraged that the present Board of Park Commissioners issued an edict to the effect that certain public parks are "white" parks and one a "Negro" park. We are entering upon a municipal election. We are suggesting at this early date—in all kindness—to the party leaders and the makers of the ticket that they eliminate the present personnel of the Board of Park Commissioners. They are persona non grata to Negro voters. They are anathema. They are objectionable in the extreme. Failure to choose a bigger and better class of men means great and unnecessary opposition. This is no threat from *The News*. It is said with the best of motives looking both to the interest of the party and the Race.—Louisville, Ky., *News*.

* * *

The effort of some of the Negro papers to discredit Dr. DuBois and to destroy the usefulness of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People because he advised the Negro citizens of America to stand up and be men in the recent election, rather than political chattel, is the essence of pettiness and malice. It seems that these newspaper owners are taking themselves rather seriously when they even question the manly stand of Dr. DuBois in this matter. These subsidized organs cannot understand why every Negro does not jump through the hoop when they crack the whip. Failure to do so seems to wound the pride of these would-be newspaper leaders.

It is a sure bet that Dr. DuBois and the Association which he so ably directs will not sacrifice the principles of uncompromising manhood for the Negro at any time or under any conditions, even to please a number of inflated Negro editors. The fact is we have no concern for Dr. DuBois. He is abundantly able to take care of himself. Were he disabled there would be no need for concern for his extraordinary ability, courage and service to civilization have given him a place in history among the great. So far as Dr. DuBois is concerned, these newspaper antagonists remind one of the fly on the drive wheel of a locomotive.

Nor will our Negro newspaper critics succeed in breaking up the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It can appeal to its record for service to the Negroes of America. This organization has done more for Negro manhood in America than all of the other Negro organizations combined. He who fights the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is an enemy to the Negro race. The great rank and file of the Negro race may be trusted to find out, in time, just who their friends are.—The Indianapolis, Ind., *Freeman* (Negro).

* * *

The Negroes who have the ear of President Coolidge and the National Republican administration ought to realize that to get fundamentally a better toe hold on a single one of the rights denied our group will be worth inestimably more than all jobs that the Republican party could manufacture and dump into our hands. We mean that the effect of such action on the part of the party now in power would mean more to the group as a whole. The entire structure of things, as the *Black Dispatch* sees it, is wrong. From an administrative standpoint the Constitution is a farce and a mockery and it is the job of pointing the way that the Republican party should start out setting our National house in order that the Negro leaders should be most concerned about. . . . .

The passing of Senator Lodge the other day reminds that it was he who during his early manhood and first years in the American Congress fought for the Civil Rights Bill which was intended to vitalize the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution. That effort failed, the program of the South, against which he fought, and as is expressed in Jim Crowism, Segregation and Disfranchisement have since become fixed policies all over the South and its malicious fangs, during the administration of Woodrow Wilson, reached out into the

federal departments, in the capitol buildings at Washington.

There is a big job in Washington for every ambitious Negro in America. We want to reverse this thing. We want to stop that job from Begging, instead of petting beggars who look for jobs. Let's take up the fight of Pinchback, Langston and Bruce. Let's put on the fighting clothes of Douglass—Let's go to the Republican party and say that the Negro wants the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments enforced just as the 18th Amendment. The government that is big and strong enough to take a wine glass away from its citizenry is big and strong enough to replace that glass with the ballot. In principle, there is no greater collapse of the sacred "States Rights" idea of the Southerner than through the enforcement of the prohibition amendment. If in principle it is right to enforce that Amendment with the gun and the sword, the Negro is justified in asking the government to enforce the Amendments, in which he is vitally interested, in the same and identical manner.

The program of Mr. Matthews, who headed the Republican National work among the Negro group during the recent campaign, seems to the writer to be a program entirely of jobs. As for us, we say, TO HELL WITH JOBS until the day comes that we can strike a bargain that has to do with FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS. — Oklahoma City, Okla., *Black Dispatch.*

* * *

It is not very long ago that we had occasion to praise the impartiality of justice in this country when the Transvaal Appeal Court decided that the Provincial Poll tax against the Natives was illegal. This year, however, we have had a series of cases that distinctly mark a tendency in the opposite direction.

We reproduce below four references by the public press to specific cases where the injustice is so gross that the Natives are left with the one alternative of agitating for the abolition of the jury system in all cases between Europeans and Natives. In the most flagrant case of the Standerton Circuit Court, a white farmer has been sentenced to six weeks imprisonment for thrashing a young Native girl tied to a wagon where she was subsequently found dead with the points of her fingers and thumbs eaten off by rats. We all know that if the offender had been a Native doing a white girl to death he would have suffered the death penalty amidst the megaphonic trumpetings of approval by the European press.

We do not in any way wish to exaggerate the facts, but feel constrained to admonish our white fellow citizens of the country we all dearly love that a continuation of this kind of vindictive judgment against the blacks will assuredly undo much of the good work done by the better class of white and black leaders to create an atmosphere of racial amity for future generations. If white men are to justify their claim to a superior civilization they cannot hope to convince us of it by setting up an un-British code of legal justice that bolsters up the wickedness of white rogues in a cowardly manner at our law courts. We hope our European contemporaries will help us in this task of restoring the balance of judicial scales back to the respected British standard. We want British justice, not South African Justice.—Kingwilliamstown, S. Africa *Imvo Zaboutsundu.*

* * *

Here in Jacksonville we have practically two cities. A population of about 60,000 white and 45,000 Negro; each occupying separate sections of the city and dealt with separately, except in the matter of collecting the revenues. The greatest expenditures from the city's treasury is made among the white residents and hardly any among the Negro. In this county, where the Negro school population almost equals the white, there are twenty-two white schools, and eight Negro. Teachers in these institutions have a wide margin of difference in salaries. White teachers receive on the average a salary equivalent to the maximum rate of salary for Negro teachers. Appropriations for Negro schools vary from fifty to seventy-five per cent less than that for white schools. In the taxation of property Negro property is assessed the same as the white and the same millage levied against it. Per capita expenditure for white children is as much as three times more than Negro expenditure.—Jacksonville, Fla., *Sentinel.*

ARMAGEDDON

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

IN the silence and the dark
I fought with dragons:
I was battered, beaten, sore,
But rose again.
On my knees I fought still rising,
Dull with pain!

In the dark I fought with dragons—
Foolish tears! Cease your flowing!
Can't you see the dawn appears?

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